

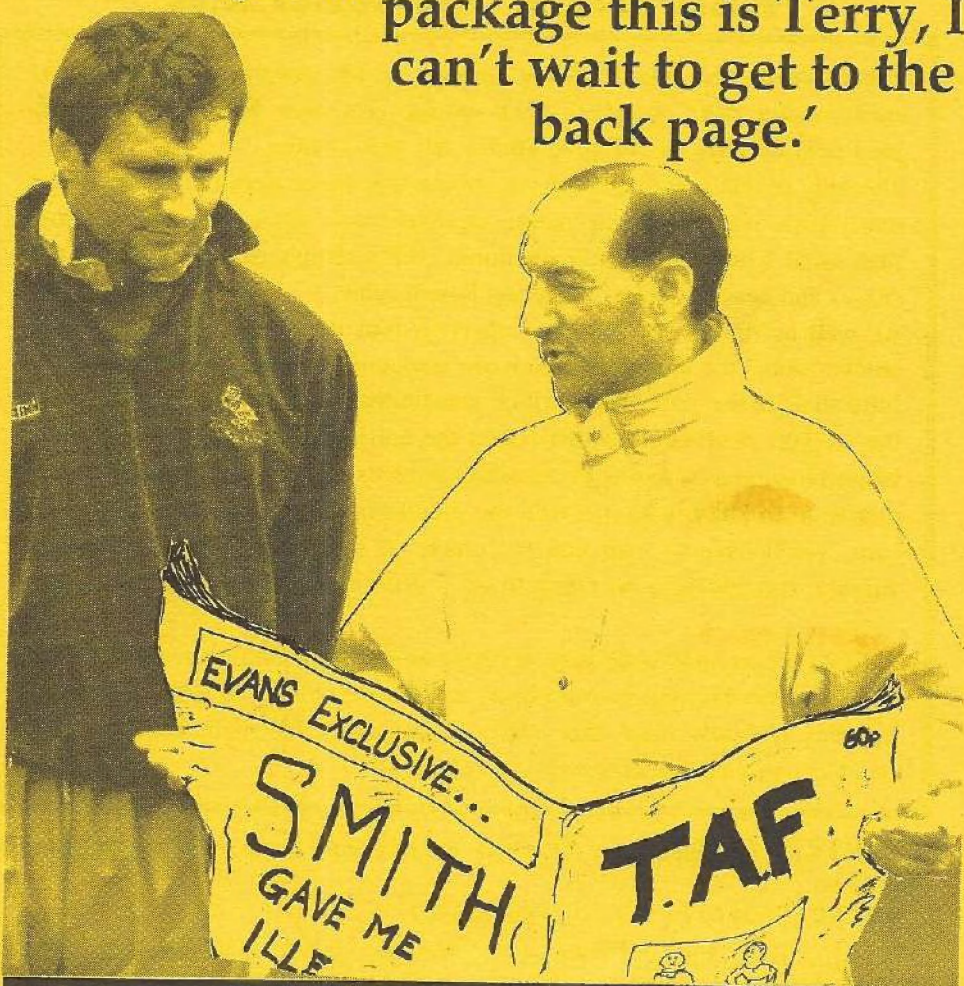
T.A.F

*The
Adams
Family*

60p

No. 23
August '96

'What an excellent
package this is Terry, I
can't wait to get to the
back page.'



WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The ADAMS FAMILY

TWINNED IN SPIRIT WITH DORCHESTER TOWN F.C
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Welcome to the first Adams family of the season... oh hang on, we're using that typeface that no one can ever be arsed to read, just like they do in the programme - ah, that's better.

The only problem with coming out for the first home match of the season is that topics of a Wandering nature are even more difficult to come across than usual. Therefore, in time honoured TAF tradition, expect more lies, tall stories and general abuse of Michael Schumacher.

As well as the above you can expect to find the results of our fantastic readers poll; the entries to which are rumoured to have almost caused the little shelf in the post office, which constitutes a PO box, to collapse under the weight! And we shouldn't forget the entries via e-mail which are still being processed by teams of computer wizards as we speak. By the way, if you want to know who has won the grand prize of Gazza Patterson's sexy shirt, you'll have to wait until a certain jet setting contributor returns to Blighty, and lets us in his house to get it. Rest assured the winner will know soon.

At last the season is underway, it's been an eventful summer in the world of sport, maybe this year it could be an eventful winter for WWFC - whatever happens lets just hope that some of the footy is, shall we say, more constructive than last seasons

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THANK YOU: Bucks Free Press for piccy's & Catford Copy Centre (0181-695 0101) for the usual fine service.

Yes, well we decided to stick with the name, seeing as the new stand seems unlikely to be in operation for the Gillingham game. There are rumours doing the rounds that building work was suspended for two weeks by the health and safety people after seeing Alan Smith viewing the Birmingham match from the incomplete stand, without his hard-hat! For a responsible member of the community to enter a building site without the requisite safety helmet is bad enough - but think of all those junior blues present, what a terrible example to set to the youngsters Mr Smith!

To be honest, I'm not really surprised that the stand isn't finished, despite all the frenetic work that's been going on down at Adams Park. It always seemed to take an age to get started, and the decent summer has probably resulted in numerous, ahem, 'extended lunch-breaks' from the brickies.

Still it should make entrance to the ground a laugh anyway. Considering the fantastic new technology that issues the tickets had trouble coping with a crowd of two and a half thousand, it should be interesting to see how it deals with people seeking to be re-housed. After all, if Woodland stand season ticket holders are being put in the main stand, will the computer know where they are when selling you your pay on the day ticket? Or could there be numerous, "Oi that's my seat", "Bugger off it's mine" type confrontations. Then again it could always run like a dream? Naah!

Admittedly the new system is an easy target to poke fun out of, but I can't see the limited number of ticket windows, coupled with those ponderous printers, improving much as the season wears on. Still we could always take the sound advice of financial controller, Charles Colton, and buy our tickets in the week - and get ill - and get no refund, nice one. Mr Colton tells us fans that we must re-educate ourselves about ticketing, and that there's to be no more of this spontaneous deciding to go to the footy on the day nonsense. Yesssir! Mr Darcy hath spoken, and the tenants hath cowered - or have they?

See, this is the way I view it. Those of us who come at all times will get pissed off with queuing in the carpark and missing the first 20 minutes, and will thus re-educate ourselves in the future. Why? Because we care about missing the match. Then again there are those who only turn up for the big ones, they too will become pissed off queuing in the carpark, but will not bother to re-educate themselves in the future. Why? Because they're probably not into WWFC that much (yet) and will think it's a shoddily run club that treats its paying customers in a slipshod manner, and they probably won't bother to come again. And as much as you, the oh so special fan who has followed the blues since the days of Bodger Horseman, may dislike these people - they, together with the rest of us are the future of this club; and whilst condescending prats like Mr Colton can get

terrace tattle



Hatless Smith
IT'S NOT BIG OR
CLEVER KIDS

away with his remarks to some of us, he will not succeed with all. Think before you preach pal.

Oh dear, I've been moaning again haven't I? Still It's nothing compared with the grizzling in the debut issue of our new rivals in the fanzine world, 'One-One', who appear to be mortally offended by anyone who has had the audacity to start supporting the blues in the 1990's. Still, I'll read anything about the Wanderers, and it's certainly better than TAF's catastrophic first edition

One person I suspect will not be queuing up for his copy is Independent chieftain Bob Officer. For one reason or another, Wycombe's answer to Ricki Lake (think about it) doesn't appear to be too popular with the editorial team. I'm intrigued to know what the answer behind the hostility is. Please someone, shed some light?



Bob Officer
CURIOUS SLIGHTING

Still, it does seem to bother some people all this long time supporter lark. Personally I know people who've been at all manner of crap Loakes Park matches who stay at home a lot these days, likewise some 'Trophy Final' supporters who are amongst some of the most loyal Wanderers around. As someone famous once said, 'It's not the length that counts, it's what you do with it!'

Still as *terrace tattle* always likes to champion the underdog (unless it's Brian McGorry) here's our exclusive **'Beat the footy snob's'** guide to W/WFC. If someone tries to lord it over you, remember this bluffers guide to Wycombe Wanderers.

84-85 Paul Bence and Alan Gane are the managers (all you need to know).

85-86 Bence clears off, Alan Gane continues - relegated to Vauxhall Opel.

86-87 Win VOL, breaking all records - mention managers sheepskin coat, Jason Seacole's hatrick, Andy Graham's bus miss, and Noel Ashford for extra kudos!

87-88 Gane buggers off, Peter Suddaby is manager for a short time - despite Alan Parry claiming him to be the deity, he is soon sacked for being crap. Jim Kelman is the new boss

88-89 Good year in Conference. Mention Hyde's plastic pitch for added obscurity!

89-90 Cack year. Benchmark - losing to Met. Police in Trophy. Kelman out, O'Neill in - mention Alan Parry and a Norwich toilet for extra credit.

90-91 Win FA Trophy. End of the good old days, more than 800 people come to games, no fun any more.

Please note, if any of the years are wrong, I couldn't care less!

So why no mention of the pre-season footy then? Well It's never thrilling at the best of times, and this year's has been patchy (until the Swindon demolition). Still I remember it being quite good last year, so maybe that's not such a bad thing. Unfortunately deadlines mean that I'll be unable to discuss either the trip to Shrewsbury or Reading, but then you'll have read the papers I'm sure.

Talking of the papers, by the time you read this one of our 'colleagues in print' Claire Nash will have filed her last Wanderers report for the BFP, and may well be watching Leyton Orient versus Wrexham in the Coca-Cola cup as part of her new job. Claire has always been lovely to us at TAF, giving us publicity when required, and the odd photo too - all the best squire-ess!

Hope you all enjoyed the flower show. Cheers

Adopting the Magpies

TAF EXPLORE NON-LEAGUERS DORCHESTER TOWN

A lot of the pre-season talk has been about Alan Shearer's record breaking transfer to Newcastle. The Geordies may have a multi-million pound squad, fantastic support and a great stadium but there is another team called the Magpies fighting for honours this season.

Four members of the TAF Clan recently spent a week in Dorset. While we were there we thought we'd check out the local footy scene and went to see Dorchester Town's friendly against our Second Division rivals Bournemouth. We had heard about the game in the Dorset Evening Echo. Amazingly enough this paper is a daily. The worst crimes to happen in Dorset are whistling in church and sheep rustling so you can imagine this paper makes the Wycombe Leader look like The Independent. In The Echo's article the Dorchester manager Stuart Morgam was claiming they were going to play attractive passing football. When a non-league manager says this it usually means the centre-backs pass it backwards and forwards for five minutes until one of them gets bored and hoofs it straight up to the opposition keeper.

Despite one of our party's winging at the extortionate admission price of £4.50 we made our way to Town's new ground which is situated in a Tesco's car park and actually looks like a Roman Supermarket (if you can try and visualise that). 50 pence got me a two sheeted programme full of adverts but I guess they have got to make their money somehow. Especially as their wage bill for this season will be £150,000. That's a lot of money at this level but on the performance we saw I would be very surprised if they are not playing in the Conference before long.

It was great to go back to a non-league match, even if it was only a pre-season friendly. It was reminiscent of Loakes Park with the P A announcer constantly asking young boys to get off the wall behind the goal.

One rather disturbing incident took place at this match. I asked a steward if we could move from the terrace from the stand. He actually knew the answer to my question and replied in an informative and helpful way. The human steward, what a novel idea. Some how I can't see it catching on at Wycombe.

The finest sight, which you will surely only get in non-league was ex-Dorchester legend Paul Thorpe who had come out of retirement to help the club through an injury crisis (apparently one of their defenders couldn't play as he had fallen off his roof!). Try and picture Martin Lambert's face on Terry Evans' body and combine their skill and you will have quite a clear idea of what this fine centre-back was like. Not many people were going to get past him with the ball. On the odd occasions they did he just chopped them down with fouls that were so ludicrously obvious Paul Durkin, who was ref, didn't even have to whistle for the free-kick, everyone knew it was coming. Another hard man in the Dorchester team was in central midfield. I'm not too sure how he stayed on the pitch but I wouldn't fancy

meeting him down a dark alley, or even in a well lit one for that matter. Town's game wasn't just about clodhoppers and they have some decent players. Slap head Steve Richardson ran the game from midfield and got a goal with a real salmon's leap of a header. A young right-back looked like a good prospect and old man Russell Coughlin, who must be 45 if he's a day, was excellent on the ball despite carrying a hefty beer gut. Bournemouth may have only had their reserve side out but Dorchester's 2:0 victory was well deserved. They certainly did play some excellent football and it was the sort of performance Wycombe fans were crying out for last season.

A special mention must go to Bournemouth's substitutes who all looked about 18 and posed around by the corner flag instead of warming up. At one point a rather busty but, shall we say, decidedly ropey young maiden walked passed them. Sure enough every one of them stared at her chest and gave it the old "Woooah". One young ginger-tinge even invited her into their changing room at half time. What a suave man.

In the Dorchester programme/sheet of paper, they were looking forward to "one of the most attractive games of the season when we meet Cheltenham at home in the Dr. Marten's league". If that is attractive I'd like to know what a midweek away game to Dawlish Town would be like.

The Adams Family are adopting Dorchester as our second team and if Wycombe start playing the sort of dross they did last season I may well sod off to Thomas Hardy country and get behind the Magpies. If you are ever in that part of the country check them out. But one word of warning, if some 12 year old urchin asks you for a fag for his sister - don't give him one. She's only about 14 and you don't want to encourage such habits.

Two years ago I wasted three minutes of your valuable leisure time moaning, in this august journal, about the presence of "piping" on the new Wycombe home kit (it's OK, I didn't expect you to remember). But the pain I felt at the sight of that particular monstrosity is nothing compared to the enduring sense of shame I am going to experience this year when I go to see my team away from home, only to see them run out in that horrific pin-stripe shirt.

I am well aware that the break from the quartered home shirts has caused heartbreak in many a Wanderers' household this summer, and I share the view that the break from the pleasantly classic design was a cause for great sorrow. However, it is possible to understand, at least, that if the club were going to maximise their profits from the new kit they had to change it sufficiently to make it "necessary" to by a new one.

But what on earth were they thinking of when they chose the away strip, I will never know. Unless this is a marketing masterstroke arising from a key finding of last year's club survey that 76% of all Blues supporters were wealthy, 1980's fixated bank clerks called Kevin, then I believe that total sales will be in the region of none.

It may be that Mizuno persuaded Messrs. Smith and Austin that this design was a sure-fire winner. Well take it from me, it may pass for chic on the Tokyo stock exchange, but round here we have another, though quite similar, word for it.

Protest now, before these purveyors of bad taste take over. Boycott the club shop until they remove all examples of the offending article and write to the club, your MP and Emperor Hirohito to complain about the humiliation of away fans singing "The Wycombe dress like bankers."

Around The League

Well it's the start of the season and hopes are either high or low depending on the state of your squad on the field and the harmony in the board room off the field. TAF have been keeping abreast of the goings on throughout the division and have provided you with this stattoesque guide to help you make sense of the early season prospects.

Blackpool - With old pervy chairman Owen Oyston banged-up for his "sensitive crimes" it seems that Blackpool fans got an even worse stroke of luck when Gary Megson was appointed as manager. Hard times ahead perhaps.

Bournemouth - With cocky sod Steve Jones joining West Ham for £200,000 it seems as though Machin could have problems up front. Expect mid-table.

Brentford - After last seasons woeful showing a quick flurry in the transfer market might have had Bees fans gagging, but as I write Brentford have signed a few ropery "frees". A solid outfit though, they should improve on last seasons 15th.

Bristol City - Jordan pulled off a good coup signing Shaun Goater for £175,000. Goater should bag 20+ goals and City could be a decent bet for the play-offs.

Bristol Rovers - With Marcus Stewart off to Huddersfield for a tasty £1.2 million, Rovers have lost one of their major stars. New manager Ian Holloway has bought in a few of his reserve mates from QPR, so don't be surprised to see the gasheads struggling this term.

Burnley - Registered midget and stropky git Adrian Heath has bought in a few old pro's to help stop the sinking ship. However so crap were Burnley at Adams Park last season that I fail to see them in the play-offs.

Bury - Getting Jepson from Huddersfield for £40,000 and Gordon Armstrong on a free from Sunderland looks like good business, yet I honestly can't see Bury in the top half come the end of the season.

Chesterfield - Despite drubbing us up at Saltergate, John Duncan's team of up and under merchants will probably struggle to top last seasons form. However Duncan with his new 5-year contract will be looking for play-off contention.

Crewe - Despite losing several key players towards the end of the season including Wayne Collins & Neil Lennon, you still expect Crewe to end up in the play-offs with Gradi finding another batch of highly marketable YTS lads.

Gillingham - Tony Pulis won't settle for consolidation next year and has shown that he means business with the signing of Hessenthaler from Watford, despite Watford fans bemoaning the fact that Hessenthaler "simply can not pass". A Gills fan tells me that the best bit of business Pulis did this summer was getting rid of Darren Freeman to Fulham as he was "a pile of shit". Oh well, I'll give Gillingham a place in the top 10...and 100 bookings and 10 red cards to boot.

Luton - Still residing in the dump that is Kenilworth Road Luton will have to work hard to go back up to the first. With Kim Grant, Dwight Marshall and Tony Thorpe they have some quality attackers but the midfield and defence are certainly a tad dubious.

Millwall - Well the big question...will you be travelling to the New Den for a fun

day out this year? Or even a pleasant evening, Wycombe fans? Despite manager Nicholl buying about a dozen "jocks" I reckon Millwall with dodderly old nutter Keith Stevens will finish mid-table.

Notts County - Should do well this season after losing out to Bradford in the play-offs. They haven't made any new signings but have a fairly solid squad anyway. With classy players like Shaun Murphy, Darren Ward and Gary Martindale, automatic promotion is a possibility.

Peterborough - With Fry at the helm Posh fans will probably soon be pissed off at having a squad of 58 players or whatever the limit is for Baz these days. However with the signing of the excellent O'Connor from Walsall (£350,000) and Barry's usual hangers on: Roger Willis, Mick Bodley etc. they should do fairly well.

Plymouth - Apparently boss Neil Warnock has signed alleged massive fraudster Bruce Grobelaar, who should be a bit of laugh to watch. However I can't really see Plymouth surging up the league this year, but they should stay up.

Preston - A lot of free transfer activity up at Preston this summer and looking at Preston with their excellent support they should do quite well. A trip to Deepdale is always a daunting prospect, especially without Hakan Hayrettin in the side to hit a 50-yarder in the last minute (or was it 60 yards?).

Rotherham - Is it just me but does every team in this division look a "bit handy". Oh well here's one that doesn't. Despite McGovern and Gemmill splashing out on players - including £150,000 for ex-Forest player Lee "no goals" Glover and the signing of Junior McDougald for £50,000 from Brighton (couldn't we have signed him for that Smithy?) the rest of the team looks a little bit ropey in all fairness.

Shrewsbury - Here we have a town where their flower festival is more important than their mouldy football club, and with no summer signings I think they may suffer. But I'm saying nothing for by the time you read this we could be nursing a drubbing after our opener down at Gay Meadow. In which case I'll say now that Shrewsbury are automatic promotion candidates - just to soften the blow.

Stockport - Not too much going on at Stockport at the moment so I can't really make any prediction above mid-table. What I can predict however is that mutant peroxide striker Alun Armstrong's hair will fall out before the year 2000.

Walsall - They've lost a couple of good players in Houghton and O'Connor and have signed none whatsoever as replacements. So despite their fine passing game and Kyle Lightbourne up front I'm afraid mediocrity beckons.

Watford - The game we're all looking forward to. OK so Watford should in theory go straight back up again, but remember they said that about Wolves under Graham Taylor and look how they floundered. With no big-names coming into the club it will be interesting to see how they fare.

Wrexham - With Jason Soloman moving over here for a trial Wrexham fans can experience some Wycombe football which their fanzine "The Sheeping Giant" describes as "6'11" neanderthals thumping the ball as far as they can". Cheeky blighter, I don't remember Wrexham having much more than a certain David Connolly up front, and I honestly can't see them troubling the play-offs in the coming season. That is unless an unleashed "Solly" truly does become the "new Paul Ince" ©Glenn Roeder.

York - And bringing up the rear come York City which is probably where they'll stay for the majority of the season. Sorry York fans.

the summer of '96...

OK, so maybe it doesn't have quite the same classic ring as Bryan Adams stadium pounder 'Summer of '69', but you'll rarely find such a swinging summer of sport on offer. After all, who cares if Bryan was merrily sowing his seed in that said summer - everyone knows that year's ending in odd numbers can't contain either the Olympics, the world cup or the European championships. Which is mostly what 1996 did....

Euro'96

Fair enough, it's a bit of a cliché by now, but any review of the summer has to begin with the rags to riches story of England, who brushed away the taint of the Taylor years and grabbed the souls of even those who claim to despise football. And who'd have believed it, watching Shearer and Sheringham struggling to break down the defensive might of the Hong Kong select XI just a week before the tournament began. After failing to brush aside this band of ageing football mercenaries, the lads were caught having a mighty piss up - and the legend of 'The Guzzler' (courtesy of Jeff Powell in the Daily Mail) was born. Let's face it, you can't have a major tournament involving England without a huge media ruck - some of it was deserved, but most of the output was ludicrous; especially from the aforementioned Powell, who initially refused to admit he had written reams of crap, and then tried to take the credit for inspiring the England team. As well as the final performance, it was good to see a few decent games in the latter stages of qualifying, and the absence of serious aggro was a pleasant surprise. Of course, a few pundits tried to whip up a storm about the Trafalgar Square 'massacre' and other regional flare ups - forgetting that inebriated cretins carry out this performance throughout the land every evening. Naturally the whole event was soured by the fact that the ruddy Germans beat us again - seemingly unfazed by Piers Morgan's subtle kidology in the Daily Mirror. Still the whole thing gives me a rather horrible case of déjà vu; remember how crap Bobby Robson was until the finals of Italia'90 - well in your heart of hearts you have to concede that Venables was suffering too. So could Glen Hoddle be the new Taylor?

Best Bit: The Dutch demolition - will we ever witness the like again?

Worst Bit's: The dreaded Hun; hoary old rocker Fish singing the Scottish anthem; people at work who don't like football getting into the England games, but then saying "What's the matter" to you after the Germany game.

The Olympics

Where do we start here? Major points of outrage include a pitiful haul of medals for our lads and lasses; American fans displaying their fine sportsmanship; bombs which may have been planted by security guards; and, more predictably, British punters attending work, bleary eyed through lack of sleep after watching our latest failure at 2.45 am - all to suit the God's of US TV and Coca-Cola. Things looked ominous for the British team when esteemed captain Linford Christie's ego expanded just that little bit further than usual, ending up with the superstar insisting on travelling first class, whilst the rest of the squad remained in economy. Linford has been a top competitor for this country, but will probably never be remembered as fondly as lesser stars, due solely to his appalling attitude. Aided and abetted by such crawlers as Brendon Foster and David Coleman, Linford has turned into a sad man, only going to the Olympics once the general public had grovelled enough. Hopefully his displays in both 100m and 200 metres may have humbled him slightly, but I doubt it.

Anyway, what with Jonathan Edwards' seeming attraction to Plasticine, Tony Jarrett's alternative hurdling style, and Sally Gunnell's knackered legs and horrifying perm - not to mention the rest of them that don't even rate a mention - the Olympics saw just one gold for Blighty. This kicked off all manner of debate about our lack of success, a traditional pastime for us Brits, who seem to still believe that we should win contests just because we won the war or something like that. Poor old John Major scratched his head, gutted at not being able to parade Olympic champions at number 10 in a cheap attempt to gain some votes - and failed to realise that his government's attitude towards sport in schools, and the constant cutting of funding through local authorities, probably had a fair bit to do with it. Finally that old chesnut, the National Lottery was wheeled out as the answer; it alone seems to be the answer to all our ill's these days. All in all, the Atlanta games was noticeably poor, partly because of our lack of success, but also due to the meagre spirit of the American crowd. The most stunning example I saw occurred when Canadian sprinter Donovan Bailey won 100m gold and broke the world record; it was hard to imagine a more begrudging reaction, muted applause was all they could manage for the fastest man on earth.

Best Bit's: Steve Redgrave and Matt Pinsent's gold, that prize British hockey loon who came off the bench to shoot penalty corners before going off again, and Michael Johnson's 200 & 400m runs - quite something else.

Worst Bit's: So many - but American sprinter Dennis Mitchell screaming, "This is what it's all about", whilst pointing at himself after winning the semi final of the 100m, is probably the number one

Test match cricket

Sadly the test matches this summer have been overshadowed by the hype of the previous two events; maybe if the Aussies had been here it may have been different, but a split series between India and Pakistan has failed to thrill. Off pitch has been the finest area, with Geoffrey Boycott achieving ultimate God status; his late night round up of the days play with Ravi Shastri during the Indian test's was pure class. Boycott raved dementedly about the Indians getting

stuffed whilst assaulting Shastri's knee; Shastri in return stayed calm, literate, and even managed a few Richie Benaud stares, complete with cheesy grin. On the bright side, Alec Stewart has finally scored more than 10 runs, and that lumbering calamity Graham Hick seems to have ended his England days. Currently 1-0 down to Pakistan, at least England look a bit more competitive than they have done recently. Bring on the Aussies in '97!

Best Bit: Shastri and Boycott; forget Reeves and Mortimer - this is where comedy is at!

Worst Bit: Seeing the bloated 'Elvis' figure of Inzamam Ul Haq - sometimes whilst eating your lunch!

Wimbledon

Will someone at Sky please purchase the rights to this tedious tournament and banish it from BBC schedules as soon as possible. Not only is tennis thoroughly boring at the best of times, but Wimbledon is the most monotonous tournament of the genre. Thankfully such 'characters' (?) as Andre Agassi were knocked out before the crowd got too overheated - but this, of course, paved the way for the lamentable disease of 'Henmania'. Every year the Brits look for a new hero; one year it was Jeremy Bates, the next it was Greg Rusedski. This year it was a typical English tennis toff called Tim Henman. And what do these 3 have in common? I'll tell you. Despite the hype they never even get close to winning, and I hope it stays that way. After all, if the media gets into such a froth at Henman in the last 16, just imagine how abysmal life would be if the smug git won the thing. This left the tournament to the tedious serve machines; the most entertaining of which, mad Croatian Goran Ivanisevic, bowed out in the semi's. A final mention should go to the woeful Canadian Rusedski, who claimed that his defeat in the early rounds would enable him, "to have a few beers down the pub and revive the spirit of '66". Bobby Moore probably spun in his grave.

Best Bit: Henman getting knocked out! Sue Barker's fashions!!

Worst Bit: Barry Davies repeatedly fawning over Richard Kriajack's girlfriend Daphne Dekers. "Isn't she lovely", cringed the ageing perv, subliminally hoping to affect a cheap pull.

Grand Prix

Hurrah, at last the Hun is defeated. Regardless of what you think of Damon Hill, all Brits should rejoice at this proof that the English can compete with the Germans and win. Despite the obvious observation that Schumacher is with the woeful Ferrari team, he still claimed that their car would be OK by now - which it isn't! Despite boring races, the Grand Prix is essential viewing if only for Murray Walker's insanity and to see if "Poor" Rubens Barrichello can finish a race.

Best Bit: The Hun stalling and crashing literally every race; Jonathan Palmer getting bitter just because he never finished higher than 15th; Murray Walker and Damon Hill's spin off Pizza Hut advert.

Worst Bit: Damon Hill's starts. My 1.1, B-reg Peugeot 205 could do better; that dire piece of music about five minutes before the race starts; Giovanni Lavaggi, the new Pedro Diniz!



The Diary

Greetings one and all and welcome to the latest edition to the Wanderers diary. Read on and enjoy...



THE CHIEF OF THE ROAD:

The chances of spotting your favourite player in the close season are few and far between, unless of course you happen to holiday in that footballers' summer retreat Cyprus. Other opportunities could be if your local pub serves "silly steaks", or your library has box-set videos of Only fools and horses. Anyway the point is that there were no reported spottings around Wycombe, that is until I happened to have the honour of driving behind Terry Evans a couple of weeks ago. I can report that unlike other less law abiding ex-Wanderers (i.e Hemmings & Thompson) Tel. raised his speed no more than 30 m.p.h. and stopped well in advance of a pedestrian crossing waiting to pleasantly wave along a crew of old ladies. Mr. Evans - you truly are the pillar of the local community.



PATTO SIGNS UP

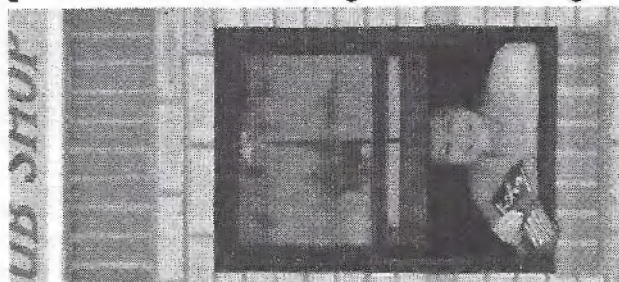
"Pillar of the community" young Gary Patterson may not be, but we here at TAF reckon that he's the bees knees - so much so that we secured his sponsorship for the second season running. We even sent the lad a postcard from our rural retreat in Dorset to confirm the deal. On receiving the confirmation Gary was heard to say to a close friend, "sod the Mizuno boot deal, this is the one that really counts. I'd rather be respected by the fans than be some puppet-on-a-string selling my soul to the corporates." What a geezer eh?



TURNSTILE TROUT

The first pre-season game against Q.P.R was significant in that we were using for the first time the new Wycombe ticket offices. I for one realise that this may take some getting used to, but what kind of system was this running on. After queuing in a line of about 50 punters for half an hour, I was then greeted, very unpleasantly, by some mad old trout who looked

me in the eye and told me to go and queue round at the other office. What a bloody cheek. I'd already missed 15 minutes play, and to have the offspring of Himmler screaming at me - I wasn't best amused. My advice to her is to get some manners. And as for the club, well, how about investing in a system that doesn't involve ZX spectrums or 9-pin one-page-a-fortnight printers for this was nothing short of shocking.



Subliminal

Messages -

A ticket office staff member dishes out handy hints on ways for Wycombe fans to see the 1st half



...HANG HIM, HANG HIM, HANG HIM

Having eventually got my ticket I was heading for the turnstile when I heard a voice shouting around the corner: "50/50 matchday tickets.....buy them now. Come on lads win yourself a bit of beer money, a bit of sex money, whatever you like." Excuse me a 50/50 draw salesman encouraging the trade of prostitution. Worse than this was that it was spouting forth from the mouth of self-styled family man Mike "alwight" Phillips. My advice is for parents to be aware, very aware.



"SORRY SIR, IT'S MORE THAN MY"

More trauma came at the next home game against Birmingham when representatives of TAF went into the centre spot to have a swift half and a bit of marketing chat with Wanderers mogul Mark Austin. Not ten seconds had passed when we were verbally assaulted by some "smoothy" who more or less told us to bog off. When told we were here to meet Austin this self-important turnip claimed it was "his night off". Finally Austin turned up and apologised, but it just goes to show you that it's not *de rigueur* to don an orange jacket if you want to be a "grade A" knob. Why not just ask for a job in the centre spot instead.



RIP-OFF

Final mention of the diary goes to the person(s) involved in selling the programmes for the friendly games for £1.50. Despite the design being better than last years "bung it all in and see what happens" ethic, the content was absolutely pitiful, devoid of thought or effort. I sincerely hope that for the princely sum of £1.50 we can expect more in the season to come...yet whether or not I will buy one is another matter altogether.

We recently raided Alan Smiths office one evening after a few beers and thought we'd try to find the paperwork which sealed the McGorry transfer

THE WWFC FILES

scandal of last summer. There must have been some dodgy deal going on and we were looking for an exclusive. We checked through the transfer books.... Ah yes the Rowbotham bargain - £40,000... oh and look we really did pay £100,000 for the winged enigma Farrell. But there was no sign of the McGorry deal. Spooky, eh?

Anyway we couldn't let this mystery go unsolved and so after a bit more rummaging we located a trapdoor in Alan's office which led to the Adams Park vaults, a little known dungeon under the pitch. On opening it, a gruesome waft came across me which stunk like Hades itself. I looked around only to see Terry Evans' jockstrap dangling before my very eyes. Unperturbed I lit a match, when all of a sudden a groaning noise was heard. On closer inspection a wraith like Steve McGavin was seen chained to a wall. "Bloody Hell Steve what's up?" we asked. "They're coming to get me" yelled Steve. "Who?" we replied. Steve's eyes rolled around as he frothed, "They want me as their director of football. Alan Smith said it's either that or a free transfer to Chesham United." "But who?" we stated again.....Steve became enraged, "ALIENS you fools - just look at that book over there. Don't you know that Wycombe signed a pact with an alien race back in 1987. The deal is that every year they send down a talentless alien footballer who competes in one or two games at the most, and is never seen again. What happens is that he returns to his home planet having read the minds of the other 21 players on the pitch. He then projects the positive attributes of the 21 footballers into one mind and this mind is made into the ultimate divisional player. Then every 5 years Wycombe are sent this ultimate player...the first one was Steve Brown. I believe we are due another next year. Look lads, photocopy that page there and show it your readers. The gaffer will never know it was me who told you because I'll never be seen again. It's a fresh start for me boys." So we bade Steve farewell and set about copying the article as shown below.

The Brian Lee Alien Pact 1987

I Mr Brian Lee hereby sign this agreement that once a year an alien will play at least one game for WWFC and two at the most. In return you will send us a fine talent every five years - free of charge for our troubles.

Brian Lee

Director of soccer

MUSTAPHA MUTANT

Chief Abductor & Cattle Mutilator

THE TAF WWFC FILES

1987 - A crowd of 458 become suspicious when a hairy alien named Rick Collier loiters in goal during a defeat at the Croydon Sports Arena. He disappears post-match having 'nicked Jason Seacole's digestive biscuits.

1988 - A crowd of 876 see the slimline sectoid Brian Wheway stand between the sticks in the Vauxhall-Opel charity shield. Wycombe win 3-0 and Brian returns to his planet with some silverware and Gary Lester's sheepskin overcoat.

1989 - On the 30th December Keith Piper a 6'6" "striker" floats around for twenty minutes during a 4-0 defeat at home to Cheltenham. He played with a new mindwarp chip on his forehead so we believe only a quarter of the 2166 crowd will remember him.

1990 - Mutant Mike Cook is sent down to appreciate the passion of a derby against Slough Town. This bearded freak comes on as a sub in the 3-3 draw then plays in the subsequent defeat against Gateshead. O'Neill covers up his departure by saying he is injury prone.

1991 - Following an earlier abduction in his career Matt Hanlan is given a run out against Bracknell Town in the B&B cup. At half-time his metamorphosis into the so-called Marc Sciaraffa is undetected by fellow players and the 542 punters watching.

1993 - Due to O'Neill refusing to play "any more bloody aliens" in 1992, the commander of all unknown lifeforms Trevor Aylott is transported into Adams Park. Carrying sophisticated mind probes under his uniquely manufactured headband he dupes O'Neill into believing that he is a footballing legend. Just as players and fans alike begin to question both Aylott and O'Neill Trev is never seen again.

Also seen this year is Aylott's sidekick Tony Sorrell who firstly raises suspicions by trying to pick fights with new team-mates and then subsequently tells a BFP photographer to "F@#K off".

1994 - Snake skinned Paul Kerr is bought on as a substitute and uses a telescopic limb to prod the ball home in the closing minutes in a 1-0 win at Blackpool. His dubiously suspicious skills are evident however in the next game, a 2-0 defeat by Shrewsbury in the Auto-Windshields. O'Neill once again covers up his departure with the "injury story".

1995 - Aliens send down a shockingly crude replica of Danny Wallace and hoodwink the local press into believing that we have signed the ex-Man Utd star. However his appalling appearance in front of 6,288 fans in the 0-0 draw against Crewe soon gets fingers wagging.

1996 - Rogue alien Brian McGorry defies the "Brian Lee pact 1987" and makes five appearances as boss Alan Smith is so thrilled with his skills. Alien ships comb the planet and eventually find him in Cardiff. He is taken back and incinerated for his crimes against space law.

1997 - And on contract from the planet.....

"Get out of here lads the mother ship has landed outside the Centre Spot. Your new player has arrived" yells McGavin.

So we tiptoe into the Vere Suite where Mark Austin and Alan Smith are seen shaking hands with a two-headed ethereal snakeman. Steve McGavin is transported into the ship and down the ramp emerges a fair-haired young man. It could have been Tel Skiverton, it could have been Matt Lawrence or even a further new signing. As I close this feature my advice is to watch the players appearance list very carefully this season for as you well know the truth will most certainly be out there.

Summer Transfer round-up

At last, a new footy season for us to enjoy/endure (delete as applicable). One of the first questions asked at the beginning of a season is "Who the ruddy ada is going to be wearing the quartered shirt this season?". Supporters at any other club in the country would say they could predict most of the starting line up but us Blues fans have the excitement of trying to guess who Mr. Smith will select week in week out. In fact, rumour has it that the bald one isn't too sure himself who will play. On the evidence of last season this rumour is probably hard fact. I'm sure the only ever-presents last season were Alan Smith, David Kamp or whatever his name is, and Dave Jones. One thing is for sure and that is the fact that some of our favourites won't be playing for the Blues as they have moved on to pastures new.

Simon Garner: What can I say? I loved this man. Not in a physical way you understand. Mind you, if I was female and he was a few years younger I would probably gladly hop on to his back seat for a bit of slap and tickle. Anyway, enough of that. In my mind Simon Garner was simply the most gifted player ever to play for Wycombe. He may have been in his senior years as a footballer but his brain was as razor sharp as anyone else at this level. Maybe one of his problems was in his mind he was always one step ahead of everyone else in the team. There has not been a player at Wycombe while I've been a fan who's first touch was as good as Garner's. Some players seem to receive the ball then think what they are going to do with it. Garner always knew what he was going to do before the ball came to him and I think that is one of the main reasons he really stood out in the third and second division. Another thing I always loved him for was the fact that opposition fans absolutely hated him. If he was playing for anyone other than Wycombe we would have loathed him too. Luckily for us he was in our team and it was always great to see him winding up the opposition, refs and away fans. I for one wish him the best of luck at Woking and I'm sure many other Wycombe fans share my sentiments.

Terry Howard: I can only assume there was a personality clash between Terry and Alan Smith and that is the reason he left. Maybe there was something wrong with his attitude as he did get infamously sacked from Leyton Orient. However, in his one and a bit seasons at Wycombe he really did become a favourite with the fans. Any player who can keep Sir Matt Crossley out of the team without incurring the wrath of the Woodlands terrace must have some qualities. Terry was a fine centre back, a better full-back than most we've had and was pretty decent in midfield when the need arose for him to play there. He also did a good job as captain although maybe the tactic of moaning at his team mates rather than encouraging them didn't endear him to his colleagues. Our loss is Woking's gain

(again) and now he's only part-time he can concentrate on winning the Booker prize for literature.

Simon Stapleton: Poor old Simon. A true hero in our non-league days but he always seemed to struggle to make the step up to big-boy football. That may be a little unfair as he did suffer a bad injury in our last Conference season and maybe never really recovered. Don't remember him for that awful open goal miss. Remember him for being the (one time) best midfielder in the Conference. I think his finest moment in a Wycombe shirt was in the home FA Cup match against West Brom. We were two nil down at half time and Simon was switched from right back to midfield and basically changed the game by shutting out Darren Bradley and any other Baggies player who tried to use the ball in midfield.

Oh yeah, goodbye to **Paul Hardyman, Jason Solomon** and **Shaun Stevens**. I'm sure they are all decent chaps but they won't really be missed will they?

Well, who have we got to welcome?

Brian Parkin, our very own goalkeeper and he's for keeps (no pun intended). Alan Smith is now in the usual position of having his own 'keeper. Just in case you are reading this Mr. Smith, he's the one in the multi-coloured jersey and gloves who is allowed to use his hands. I don't really know anything about this man betwixt sticks. When my mate told me who we had signed I misheard him and thought we'd got ex QPR and West Ham 'keeper Phil Parkes. Seeing as he must be forty-odd by now you will understand why I was a tad apprehensive about him being the custodian of the onion bag. As I'm a tight fisted git I haven't been to any pre-season friendlies so I'll reserve judgement until I have seen him in action. I just hope his dribbling skills are better than Sieb Dykstra's.

Paul McCarthy: Brother of Beirut hostage John and after a few seasons at Brighton he probably thought his sibling got the better deal! £100,000 for a centre-back after giving Terry Howard away on a free doesn't seem like great business to me but what do I know? I'm just a supporter. One of my mates is a Brighton fan (and you thought we had it bad) and he reckons McCarthy is a god. The pre-season reports seem quite encouraging so maybe Alan Smith should get some credit. I just hope he doesn't get a long term injury at the same time Terry Evans' knees take their annual sabbatical. With Matt Crossley as our only decent centre back we really would be up the swanny.

I suppose ginger-tinge **Terry Skiverton** is sort of a new arrival. Hello Terry, no doubt you'll only play in the winter months when there is no sun to burn your fair skin and get you in a bum-sweat. Congrats are also due to **Matt Lawrence** for becoming a true Blue. Apart from that, I think I have pretty much covered everyone. If I've missed any one out it serves you right for being a nobody.

Over Exposure

The power of advertising ladies and gents, one minute you're lounging on a bean-bag wondering how you'll afford your next meal when suddenly that advert for DFS furniture (with Aspel and that old gent who could charm for England) of New Malden & Crittalls Corner comes on the telly. The next thing you know you're exiting DFS with a 3 piece suite, matching carpets and a charge card filled to its limit and gaining weight (at 35.5% APR). Only then do you remember you've got no money.

Or at least that's how it would be in the ad executives dream world - a place where critical reviewing, taste-testing and word of mouth recommendations would be offences punishable by hanging; a place where athletes won gold medals purely by drinking Coca Cola; a place where corporations fought over the services of.... David Platt?

Yes folks, it's happening already. As the commercialisation of football and sport in general grows by the minute, so increases the number of sporting stars willing to cast aside any dignity they may have possessed and jump into bed with a sodding Honey Monster! As these adverts keep coming TAF discusses those of the past, ones to look for in the future and the (unlikely) possibilities for our very own Wanderers.

Walkers Crisps: (Gary Lineker)

When we mentioned people losing their dignity this, of course, didn't include Gary Lineker who has set the standard for these endorsement adverts. Initially starting with his savoury (ho ho) 'Welcome Home' adverts, things soon took a sinister turn with his bag snatching 'No more mister nice guy' offensive. Gary's latest campaign for Walkers contains his most malignant and yet finest performance to date - involving undertones of street violence, seedy pub villains and transvestism!

Finest Hour: As the barbecue crisp kids mother - more frightening than Bette Davis in 'The Nanny'!

Worst Moment: Looking like Frank Skinner as the baby

Prospects: Following in the footsteps of Alan Rickman and Jeremy Irons and playing a Euro-villain in 'Die Hard 4' (Die even harder).

Tic-Tac's & McDonalds: (David Platt)

In the seventies, this French rival to the Polo (slightly stronger with plastic box, good for storing caterpillars in on the way home from school) was a big hit amongst the beautiful people - but suddenly it disappeared, replaced in the

nations favour by that crap chewing gum that contained liquid mint. Then in the mid-nineties it returned, complete with appalling ad campaign featuring tropical fish look-alike David Platt. The ad consisted of the gormless Arsenal star muttering "What a refreshing tactic" with about as much gumption as Nicky Platt from Coronation Street, and booting a football around.

Quite sad, but Dave wasn't finished yet. In the months leading up to Euro'96, Diddy teamed up with a bloke off The Bill and EastEnders misery Ted to promote suave eaterie McDonalds. Ted and The Bill bloke played rival managers, but Ted had pulled off the masterstroke of getting Platt to play for his non-league outfit by offering him a lift after his car had broken down. Ted reveals to The Bill bloke that Platty was so hungry he agreed to play for some food. "You got Platty for a Big Mac and a Fillet 'o' Fish" says Bill bloke. "Just a Big Mac." ripostes Ted, before uttering the legend: "Bernice would've killed me", whilst laughing demonically. Platt says very little, but the ad is still total arse - made worse by the fact that torrential rain is seen to fall from a clear blue sky. Still it's nice to see Ted happy, one imagines he won't be as cheery when his son decides to 'out' himself!

Finest Hour: David's negotiations with Ted over the burger, one of the most tense narratives in recent audio visual history.

Worst Moment: Signing for Arsenal... oh you mean in advertising, erm, being forced to participate in adverts for Burger King - sponsors of the England team!

Prospects: Dreams do come true, and Platty could soon be playing for someone like Marlow.

Brut 33 and Sugar Puffs (Kevin Keegan)

Whilst the youth of today pester their parents for bottles of 'CKone' and 'Obsession', on the back of Kate Moss hype, seventies kids only had time for the great smell of Brut 33. And why not, seeing as it was advertised by rock hard boxer Henry Cooper and playboy motorcyclist Barry Sheene. But then Keegan got in on the act and sales went into free fall. With his sparrows chest and womanly perm, he failed to bond with the average disco dancing male youth, and Brut 33 is now only worn by balding scousers who commentate for Sky TV. Of course Keegan can now be seen making an utter tit of himself with the Honey Monster - a move which saw sales of Sugar Puffs plummet in Sunderland. Due to strict laws about public decency Keegan soon suffered the ignominy of being replaced by tenth rate Take That copyists, Boyzone.

Finest Hour: Impersonating Shakin' Stevens with the Honey Monster.

Worst Moment: That thin rope gold decorating his chest in the Brut adverts

Prospects: Advertising anti bed-wetting sheets with Alex Ferguson

Top Man (Trevor Sinclair, Jamie Redknapp et al.)

It has been obvious in recent years that a number of tarts have started showing up in our man's game. Players suspected of using hair gel and mousse. Players who use such poofy implements as deodorant and skin

creams. Players who probably can't handle their beer!! Yeah, you heard, beer! Anyway, these individuals have started modelling clothes for the likes of Top Man, causing me to seek out clothes that look cool on Trevor Sinclair for myself. Sadly I am only just realising that Trev is the sort of chap who'd look cool in a Milletts body warmer, and clothes a super fit pro footballer slips into can look somewhat different on an individual whose idea of exercise is not living in a bungalow!

Finest Hour: Robbie Fowler does some modelling, thus giving hope to 98% of the UK population who are better looking than him.

Worst Moment: Posters of Peter Beardsley modelling clothes in Top Man (true!)

Prospects: Jeff Banks as new QPR striker.

But what of our dashing chaps at WWFC, couldn't they get a chance of fame through advertising? Lets ponder...

Brian Parkin: With his dashing good looks, (see front of Birmingham City programme) and well conditioned hair, Brian could model for Vidal Sassoon or be an Avon Lady! Rumours that Alan Smith purchased this man to frighten supporters off the valley end and in to the stand still persist.

David Farrell: Despite already receiving danger money... sorry, sponsorship cash for wearing those pink boots, Faz is keen to expand his earning potential and will be wearing a pink Mizuno bobble hat in winter months. Alan Smith is probably already writing his programme notes, imploring us to be thrilled by this fascinating development. On a sadder note, marketing guru Mark Austin B.A. has been forced to reduce the prices of advert boards on Farrell's wing. Would be purchasers have complained that as he so rarely gets down the wing, exposure is limited.

Terry Skiverton: Terry is soon due to sign a deal with his favourite fanzine TAF and Ambre Solaire Factor 50, to raise awareness of the danger faced by ginger haired supporters during the summer months of the season. Full page adverts will appear in TAF featuring the 'strawberry blonde' dispensing handy hints on how to keep your temper when the sun is out. Says Terry, "As a ginger I know what a miserable time summer can be. That's why I'm pleased to be a part of this campaign, I'll do anything to help my fellow auburn citizens."

Finally, striker **Steve McGavin** is in talks with the Department of Employment about a new series of adverts promoting the work of the Job Club and Careers Service. Says Steve, "Everyone comes to a crossroads in their career, and I believe that people should have the best help available. A change of occupation can seem daunting, but there are people who can help you make an informed decision." It is believed that the Careers Service is pushing Steve towards becoming a 'creative midfielder' owing to his poor strike rate, although close friends of McGavin speculate that he is setting up a ticket agency business with Stan Flashman.

Loakes Park Memoires

It is customary at the beginning of the season to look forward to the coming campaign. However, I'm going to break with tradition and look back at our Loakes Park years. Some Wycombe fans seem to be of the opinion that we were better off as a non-league club but I don't subscribe to that. I do however think that in our non-league days it all seemed a bit more of a laugh.

In the days when we could change ends at half time you really got to know all the other supporters. Not necessarily on a personal level but you certainly recognised the same faces week in week out. As we never knew their real names we had to find them nick-names that seemed to suit their character.

One of my own favourites was "The Prophet". This old boy used to stand behind the goal at the Gas Works end. If Wycombe were losing and in desperate need of a goal he would open his mouth, look up to the heavens and point feverishly upwards. It is no exaggeration to say that every time he did this we scored. Well maybe just a little exaggeration, but it certainly worked on several occasions. Sometimes more than once in the same match.

The "Voice Of The Shed" has been mentioned more than once in The Adams Family. He was about 250 years old and used to stand surprisingly enough in the cow-shed. I never saw him with any one else and he used to stand there muttering under his breath for the whole match. No one ever knew what he was saying. In fact I doubt he knew either but he is sadly missed at Adams Park. I saw him on the Valley Terrace at Wycombe's first game at Adams Park when he was walking around looking very bewildered but have never seen him there since. I did recently see him in the Bus Station and he was still muttering to himself. I couldn't catch everything he said but "Bodger Horseman would have scored that" was the general gist.

When Acid House was at it's peak for some reason everyone used to jump up and down on the terrace singing "Aciiid, Aciiid" in horrible high pitched squeaks. I'll never forget one sad individual waiting until everyone had stopped and then shouting out "Alkaline" in a very broad Bucks accent. He turned round to check that everyone was laughing at his wit, only to be met by a sea of blank faces staring at him. The last I saw of him was as he sneaked out of the ground with his head hung in shame.

One of my fondest memories at Loakes Park was a league game against Merthyr Tydfil. Andy Kerr was playing up front due to an injury/lack of decent strikers crisis. He scored an

excellent looping header from the edge of the box which will sadly never enter the club's record books. Just after his goal the heavens opened like monsoon season in India. Within seconds the cow-shed was packed and only three individuals were left on the terrace, huddled under a hopelessly inadequate umbrella. After about 10 minutes of this rain the lower side of the pitch was flooded and one corner of the pitch was under about eight inches of water. Eventually the ref had to call a halt to the match. I remember one of the bedraggled heroes who had stuck it out on the terrace complaining that "The game must go on. They didn't stop the war for a bit of rain". However, this was only a football match and football was never designed to be played under water. By the time the match was restaged Andy Kerr had moved back to defence and his brief flirtation with glory was over.

The old tinny P.A. at Loakes Park was used to great effect belting out classics like The Liquidator and Colourbox's World Cup Theme, but the P.A. announcer's darkest hour came when he tried to stop a fight and very nearly incited a riot. During one half time he was reading out the results from around the country when a minor scrap on the Gas Works terrace caught his eye. In an effort to diffuse the situation he screamed "There are some lads fighting on the terrace, please stop that now". All this did was make everyone charge up the terrace to get a decent view of the ruck. It ended up with about a dozen blokes slugging it out for ten minutes. I couldn't see too well from where I was stood but someone had climbed on to a mates shoulders and was giving the rest of us a running commentary. Eventually the rozzers turned up with enough reinforcements to take on the whole crowd. They looked somewhat disappointed when they could only find three blokes to nick, but it was more entertaining for us than reading the programme.

To me the biggest loss in moving away from Loakes Park was the gypsy caravan tea bar behind the Cow-Shed. This was run by a family of three who I am reliably informed actually lived in the caravan during the week. An old trick of mine was to ensure Wycombe scored by going to get a burger. As the pitch could not be seen from the caravan I could guarantee if I went there I would miss a goal. That's the problem with Adams Park, as you can still see the match from the tea-bar queue you can't use sods law to your advantage. The young lad who served the food was the biggest cockney spiv I have ever met. The caravan was tiny and his dad stood right next to him cooking. You would give your order to the spiv and, despite the fact his dad had obviously heard you, he would bellow the order to his father as if they were fifty yards apart. I never knew what became of them after moving from Loakes Park but I heard they did place a Gypsy's curse on Wycombe to the effect that we will never be able to sign a recognised left-back. Call me superstitious but there seems to be something in this mumbo-jumbo.

Nowadays, of course, we are all segregated and restricted to our own little areas of the ground. Some of the old characters have disappeared and while it may be nice to reminisce, give me Adams Park and the Second Division any day.

TAF's Annual Grand Supporters Survey

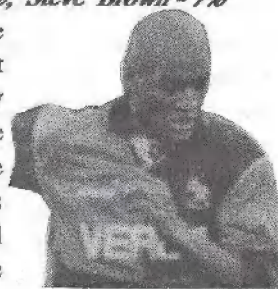
If we're being utterly candid with each other, then response to the 2nd Annual TAF Survey didn't really cause the GPO too many concerns in the re-stitched sack department, nor was the Wycombe Sorting Office seeking alternative accommodation out of town due to our PO. Box gushing its contents out onto Queen Alexandra Road.

Yes, we made it comfortably into double figures in terms of number of responses, but when you consider that we pushed out the best part of 1,000 copies last issue, the lack of effort shown by you arse-idle muppets is frankly dire. Still, all those that did enter know they have a spiffing chance of winning the 'to die for' first prize of Gary Patt's shirt and a year's worth of fanzines - hurrah!! Here goes with the hard stats.

1. Best Player

Dave Carroll - 47%, Mickey Bell - 31%, Terry Howard - 15%, Steve Brown - 7%

As in the real life BFP survey, Davey C scooped almost half the votes going in this most prestigious of categories. The fact that only 4 players got any votes at all suggests that the majority played like a bunch of arse for much of the time - or are these four just streets ahead? However, congrats. go to DC, whose merely average season (by his own high standards) was surprisingly light years ahead in the polls from the god-like Tel Howard, who for me didn't put a foot wrong, but still got the sack - c'est la vie.....



Steve Brown

Vote for me or be nutterd

2. Most Improved Player

Gary Patterson - 57%, Mickey Bell - 21%, John Williams - 14%, Keith Ryan - 8%

TAF's own pride and joy, Sir Gazza of Patterson, was the clear pre-competition favourite in this section, and he didn't let the bookies down with a clear 36% lead over the equally solid Mickey Bell. Gary has matured into a cultured midfield legend at Wycombe, and all of his game seems to have benefited from Alan Smith's coaching skills - good on you, Sir John Williams' transformation from gangling oaf who didn't seem to care, to goalscoring fan's favourite earned him a creditable 14%, while Keef's Lazarus-style ascension from hospital bed to Midfield General once more, was considered an understandable 'improvement' by 8% of voters.

3. Strangest Inclusion / Acquisition

Mark Foran - 33%, Brian McGorry - 27%, Terry Skiverton - 16%, Jason Rowbotham - 9%, David Farrell - 5%

Well, it was nip and tuck in this fiercely contested section, until 2 late entries put the beanpole suedehead from Sheffield out in front with exactly one third of all votes cast. True, he was only here for 1 month on loan, but his utter inability in every department (except scoring against us) left voters with few real alternative except of course, Baywatch extra Brian McGorry! Brian, who manages to look crap in Capital League games against Welling, doesn't really fulfil any role at Wycombe (unless he's having a torrid affair with a member of the Board), so why is our gate money going towards paying

his wages?? Prodigal son and "strawberry blonde" right-sider Terry Skiverton upsets 16% of you, and several votes came in elsewhere, notably for Boss's favourite Matt Lawrence and John Cheesewright (who has actually seen him play??)

4. Strangest Omission / Sale

Terry Howard - 44%, Simon Garner - 38%, Paul Hyde - 18%

Three top ex-Wanderers monopolised this section, and the way some of you pressed pens right through the paper in seething anger, or wrote your answers in blood, suggested you didn't agree with A. Smith's unique brand of man-management. Admittedly, if what AS said about Hyde at the Supporters' Forum was true, then Paul probably deserved to go, but the way we the paying public were kept totally in the dark about Howard and Garner was little short of outrageous. Our best defender and our most popular striker sent to Woking on freebies - yeah, smart work! Some witty card included some extra 'omissions' for the season, namely the lack of a marker on Kinkladze at Maine Road, and the lack of any sense from the Manager, both valid answers it must be said.

5. Best Buy

John Williams - 70%, David Farrell - 20%, Stewart Castledine - 10%

Yet again, you could hardly describe Wycombe's activity in the transfer market last year as prolific, however in a field of 2 (more if you include loan players), JW polled a mighty 70% of all votes. Well done, John - he's certainly got the majority of the Adams Park faithful on his side and he sure knows how to celebrate a goal or two, keep it up for this season. Young Dave Farrell pleased a fifth of respondees, although his match-to-match performances certainly ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous (cf. Carlisle at home and Brentford away). Many of you bemoaned Wimbledon deciding to hang on to Castledine - tough knackers, eh?

6. Best Game / Moment

**Oxford (a) - 63%, Bradford City (a) - 18%, Bradford City (h) - 9%,
Manchester City (h) - 6%, Stockport County (h) - 4%**

The annual thrashing of the local scum at Oxford formed the highlight of nearly two thirds of all voters' seasons - a season which was, let's face it, riddled with mediocrity and uneventfulness. Most voted for the game in general, but several nostalgic punters cast their minds back over individual highlights of the match, such as Farrell's jammy corner, Mig's superb header to put the game out of Oxford's reach and McPasty managing to score half of his season's goals with one swing of the boot. The 2 Bradford drubbings constituted 27% of your votes and rightly so, but a few folk also got carried away about our territorial dominance over Man. City at Adams Park - pity this didn't stretch up the M6 as well.

7. Worst Moment / Game

Swansea City (h) - 27%, Oxford (h) - 23%, Brentford (a) - 18%, Gillingham (a) - 14%

The adage "spoilt for choice" leaps to mind like an 18m Johnny Edwards triple jump. Those of us privileged enough to follow the Blues home and away, were witness to some real stinkers last season and many a shoddy display didn't even get onto the leader board, whereas they might have won last year or the year before. So, the "Swansea abortion" (as

one chap aptly put it) came out tops, with many referring to the Valley End chanting for O'Neill's return, or Molby's Dane-Scouse "professionalism" as the ultimate nadir. If we're being totally fair, then the total non-competitiveness and 'couldn't give a toss' performance at Brentford will have had long-term supporters racking their brains to recall a more shambolic display from any team in Wycombe shirts since the club was founded, quite possibly. However, local pride meant that the 0-3 reverse at home to Oxford bagged 2nd spot, although deep down the memory of Aaryan ape turned footballer Paul Moody coming off the bench to claim a brace must have been deeply disturbing for many.

8. Goal Of The Season

Dave Carroll v Stockport (h) - 47%, Gary Patterson v Gillingham (h) - 29%, John Williams v Notts County (h) - 12%, David Farrell 2nd v Carlisle (h) - 7%, John Williams 2nd v Bournemouth (a) - 5%

A second award for Jesus, his annual Roy of the Rovers special would seem all the less impressive I feel if he ever scored more than one per season. However, if you manage to score half-a-dozen this year Dave, I think we could find it in our hearts to forgive you! GP's stunning 30 yard banana shot gagged 29% of votes, whilst Johnnie Williams classic overhead volley defied the laws of soccer for a man of his size -

a well earned bronze. By the way, the clueless individual who wrote "dunno" for this and the next category, needs either to get an opinion or see a few more games - get with it!

9. Worst Miss / Non-Save

Steve McGavin (any shot) - 26%, Sieb Dykstra v Bradford (h) - 26%, Dykstra v Oxford (h) - 20%, Paul Hyde v Notts County (a) - 13%, Hyde v Carlisle (a) - 11%

Strewth - a tie! Best have a penalty shoot-out, with whoever scores first losing - yuk, yuk!

What's amazing about this mildly amusing category is that 26% of votes were for "Steve McGavin in general", or "any shot by McGavin", however such a generalisation where pastry-loving Steve is concerned is certainly valid in our books. Sieb's walkabout against Bradford would almost certainly have won, had we lost 5-2 rather than won, and his hilarious attempt to catch a cross v Oxford at Adams Park seems to have lodged permanently in the memories of 1 in 5 voters. Plenty more to choose from this season, I dare say.

10. Best Ground

Man. City - 31%, Bristol City - 19%, Notts County - 16%, Adams Park - 14%, Bradford City - 11%

Despite having a stand down one side that's too short, the carnage at Maine Road was insufficient distraction for you not to notice the grandeur of their stadium to win this category by some margin. Ashton Gate earned a well deserved 19% with Adams Park coming in 4th - could well win it this season. Perhaps we should rephrase the question to read "Ground that looks least like any other," as some creep voted for Peterborough's shack, just because Linpave built their 'never to be filled' new stand.

11. Worst Ground



**NEW
DAVID
NEW
DANGER**

**Oxford - 16%, Wrexham - 14%, Gillingham - 14%, Bristol Rovers - 8%,
Bournemouth - 5%**

Ooh, tight as a gnat's chuff, this one! Despite the joyous result, the bijou away end at Oxford enraged enough voters for the local riff-raff to win yet another category. Wrexham's quaint but ultimately crap 3-sided Racecourse Ground shard joint second with Gillingham's acceptable (for home fan's anyway) but archaic Priestfield 'Stadium' (you what?!?), with the Twerton Slope and Dean Court grabbing minor places.

Anomalies - Someone voted for Layer Road - sorry, wrong season unless you went there for the Capital League game, in which case you have no life, or you REALLY hate them, which we fully endorse. Also, some big girl's blouse said "Swindon - for the temperature". You expecting heated seats or something? Buy a stout snorkel jacket with a furry lining, Nancy Boy. Also, 1 heartless individual voted for Shrewsbury Town, bless its cotton socks - what about Walsall's Supermarket Legoland you cretin, or do have something against a ground with a bit of history??

12. Worst Officials

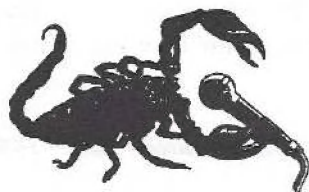
Don't Know / All Crap - 29%, Peterborough Utd. (a) - 22%, P. Don - 17%, Royston Osbourne - 14%

All your old favourites cropped up again here, although your general loathing of officialdom in general (Alan Smith included here by one pundit), won the day in the end. The dunce of a ref. at Peterborough (dunno his name, they'd sold out of programmes by the time we got there) who inexplicably sent off 2 Wycombe players and let The Posh score with players lying decapitated on the pitch, justly got 22% and second spot - wazok!

13. Best Programme / Fanzine

TAF - 51%, WWFC - 19%, several all under 10%

Hurrah, out comes the TAF trumpet which we shall proceed to blow rather long and loudly ourselves (imagine renditions of The Addams Family theme, Land Of Hope & Glory, We Are The Champions etc.). Yes, we are the greatest, suckers!



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14. Worst Programme / Fanzine

Brentford - 36%, Walsall - 25%, WWFC - 16%, Gillingham - 9%, York City - 7%

Dark horse Brentford stole the honours here after Walsall had hoped to regain their worst programme crown from 2 years ago, which just goes to prove that being hopelessly misinformed about the opposition is amusing, but being an "out-of-date rip-off" as it was accurately described, is far worse. Possibly our shite performance made the damn thing harder to read when it's torn in two. Ade Wood no doubt will be feeling twitchy about our own programme's 16% rating, especially when we resell an old programme at a rearranged fixture.

15. Marks out of 10 for Alan Smith's First Season in charge

Average Mark - 4.9

Mid-table, mid-mark - a fair reflection on the Gaffer's first season at the helm, although marks ranged from "2.5 (and that's being generous)", to the utopian but absurd "8", from some disillusioned crackpot who must have been a new supporter last year or watching the wrong team, like Man.Utd. for instance. In summary then, it could have been a lot more merciless, but let's be frank, there's scope for improvement, Alan.

16. Best On-Pitch Development

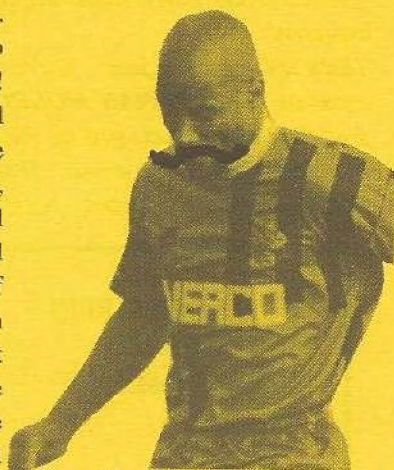
Due to their subjective nature, we shall wax lyrical for the last three categories. Answers tended here to be varied, although I'm pleased to say (and I'm sure Neil Smilie will be pleased to hear), that the resurgence of the Youth Team, and in particular the bringing through of Damian and Tony Clark into the first team, amounted to about half the responses, which has to be good news for all concerned and long may it continue.

Several people commented on players' form e.g. Mickey Bell, Gazza Patts, John Willo and not to mention the development of Miguel's tash - huzzah!! If it means more goals, then I'm all in favour of a full handlebar effort from a Dickensian era. Five people commented on the state of the grass at Adams Park, so a generous slap on the back for Jim Gardner and his floral steroids. There was also light-hearted recollection of Sieb's run-and-boot-up-the-jacksie of Carlisle's gutted skipper David Reeves, which got him sent off but we didn't care as we'd effectively sent them down by winning 4-2 and losing to Swansea the week before - ha! Someone also cited the stand as the best 'on pitch development'. Yeah, perhaps we should try it at the unsettled right-back slot, or maybe it would fill the goal nicely.

17. Best Off-Pitch Development

The new stand being started was excitement enough for about 60% of people, the rest was an amusing pot pourri of sarcasm against Mr.Smith and serious brutality - things like

Survey continues on back page....



Juan Miguel Desouza
"Damn good tash
old sport"

TAF's Annual Grand Supporters Survey ...continued

"Seeing less of that bloody Swan!!", "Open harracking of Alan Smith" (ooh, a bit personal that!), "New P.A. man", "the supporters buses from all over", "Ground tours / open days", "Claire Nash's brutal honesty" (final nail in her coffin!). Well, good thing we didn't include worst off-pitch development!

18. Advice For Ivor

Once again, a variety of suggestions were proffered for Mr. Beeks, half serious, half most certainly not. Here are the highlights from the horses' mouths.

"Put the whole team on a vegan diet"

"Have patience with the manager and give him some money for players"

"Heavy fines for long balls"

"Instant withdrawal of the new kit(s) / bring back the quarters!" - several people put this one forward

"Make Garner manager, give Smith a transfer to Torquay, see how he likes it"

"Put Garner back in the team" - too little, too late I'm afraid

"Don't sign up Dykstra / get a proper goalie"

"Get a Commercial Manager to deal with contracts etc. - leave Smith to manage the players we've already got"

"Buy Steve McGavin some Predators"

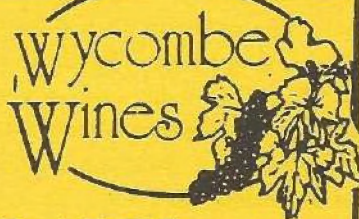
"Give me a free season ticket!"

"Prevent Alan Parry from writing in the programme - his opinions are offensively ludicrous"

*That's it for another year - you're all bursting to know who's won the hot main prize - so come on down, **RONAN MUNRO** of Oxford (clearly a close buddy of Adrian Wood) - you shall soon be adorned by the sweaty nylon top worn by Gary Patterson last season, plus free TAF's for a season. What an ecstatic chap you must be!! You might get your prize this side of Christmas - possibly.*

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